WRITE AN ESSAY

# The Cee-Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

GET YOUR PURGOLD

olume 5 | Dubuque, Iowa, February 17, 1928 | No. 10

# COLUMBIA MEETS SIMPSON HERE TOMORROW

## ORAS CRUSADERS PRESENT PLAY

### he Confession" Shows to Packed House.

Last evening at 8:15, the Loras rusaders presented "The Confes- on" in the College auditorium. The st performed splendidly before a ll packed house. The crowd was large that many were refused ad- ittance. Consequently the drama ill again be presented this evening d tomorrow afternoon.

The work of the actors was excel- nt, each man carrying his role ad- irably. In several instances the tense pathos entirely captivated e large audience, while again the rain of humor resulted in peals of ughter from the crowd.

The drama beautifully portrayed e sacred seal of the confessional. he polish and finesse of the entire st made the play a bit of art and alism.

The cast read as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| ose Creighton | Ward Loftus |
| rs. Mary Bartlett | Karl Schroeder |
| ichael Grogan | Louis Fautsch |
| itsey Moran | John Beadle |
| homas Bartlett | John M. Farnan |
| ev. J. J. Bartlett | Donald Noonan |
| oseph Dupont | Ralph Lassance |
| ndrew Strong | Clifford Kress |
| rank Gordon | Clarence Koob |
| hn Peabody | Theodore Niemann |
| Coburn | Vincent Conlon |
| P. Dustin | John F. Ryan |
| B. Blackburn | Herman Metz |
| J. Hunter | Raymond Deming |

## NTRANTS CHOSEN FOR DRAMATIC

The preliminary Dramatic contest as held in the auditorium on Mon- ay, February 6th, and out of the rge number of entrants the follow- g men were chosen "ex equo" to ter the semi finals:

Frank Cassidy, Elmer Conforti, mes Carney, George Kleiner, Syl- n Frommelt and Paul O'Neill. Nich- as Sutton received the choice as ternate. A number of the speakers owed real dramatic ability, and om appearances we might say that e semi-final will prove very inter- ting. It is to be held sometime ter the middle of March.

### PICTURES OF CAST

Co-operating with the American istory Club, the Kodakers last Sat- rday morning took a number of cenes in "Secret Service," as well s a few novel "snaps" of the cast. lost of the pictures proved to be ery good, and it is expected that hey will in future years be cher- shed as pleasant reminders of the lay, which is now a thing of mem- ries.

William Kramer dined with the aculty last week. He intends to run or sheriff of Dubuque.

## THIRD PRIZE STORY

**(By James McGuinn '29).**

**TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.**

Valentine James wasn't Jimmy Valentine, nor did he resemble a Valentine in any way. He was a fighter and a good one. In fact he was the best in his weight, but, as he often regretted, he was only a flyweight.

His being the amateur champion sometimes had its morbid moments.

Val, at the present writing, was scratching a finely molded chin, and meditatively squinting past the 'mouse" under his right eye. For the first time in some twenty-one years, his brain seemed to be seriously inclined to function.

Were someone to peer through the window and see 'Terry McCoy" (for that was Valentine's fighting moniker), he would have said he had seen Terry planning for his next battle, and he wouldn't have been wrong in saying it.

It seems Val's father had objected strenuously to 'Terry's" choice of profession, and had more than once assumed the character of a war-bound Indian.

The father's efforts to bring "Terry" back to the Riverside Drive residence of the family had included every trick from the threat of disinheritance to the love of the family name. To the first he was informed that the club supported the boxer quite well; and to the last, that Val has an assumed name so there would be no actual family disgrace. All the ruses between these two were satisfactorily (at least to "Terry") explained and accounted for.

Whatever his father would beseech Val to give up the game for tonight, was a problem he had, and was still, pondering.

Shortly the phone would ring from the lobby downstairs and announce the patient father.

There Val sat, high above the purring motors and bright lights that cast a nocturnal spell along the Great White Way. He was formally attired, having just returned from a dinner engagement with the club-instructor, and wore a dressing robe over his waistcoat. He twiddled his thumbs. The great silver-disked dial of the clock on the mantle proved the hour close to nine.

The telephone bell rang. "Terry" jumped to his feet, and gliding from the chair, he shot out a left jab at an imaginary opponent. He always threw out a left jab when he heard a bell ring. He seemed to feel better for it.

"Hello," he called. "Mr. James? Send him up." He placed the receiver upon its hook.

He was gazing out upon the bril-

(Continued on page 4)

## FIGHTING GUARD

"Fighting Elmer!"—that characterizes one of the most spirited and consistent basketball stars ever seen on the Academy floor. His heady guarding and all-around ability as a regular for the past three years have made him a most valuable member of the cage team.

ELMER CONFORTI

Elmer does not confine his stardom to the basketball floor, however, but has for two years scintillated on the Gubs' football eleven, also as guard. "Defense," it seems, is his middle name.

Let's hail this versatile star and cheer him on to close his basketball career in a blaze of glory.

## SYMPATHY

Last Sunday, Feb. 12, Henry J. Schaufenbuehle, a Loras Hall student from St. Lucas, Iowa, passed away at the Mercy Hospital. He had been rapidly recovering from a two weeks illness following an operation for appendicitis, when a set back occurred, resulting in his death.

Henry was a newcomer at Columbia, enrolling as a philosophy student last September. He was a fine Catholic gentleman, admired and beloved by all his fellow-students.

The entire student body and faculty extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents.

On Monday last, Father W. H. Russel and his brother Robert received the news of the death of their uncle, Owen Burns, at Lawler, Iowa. Requiescat in pace.

### REPRESENTATIVES AT IOWA CITY

Father Schulte and Coyne were Columbia's representatives at the Latin conference held at Iowa City last week. They reported a very successful and inspiring meeting.

The students of the Academy had a number of exhibits on display at the conference, showing the scholastic work done in Latin as an extra-curricular activity.

## PONIES HOPE TO AVENGE EARLY SEASON DEFEAT.

Tomorrow evening Loras gym will be the scene of much and bitter conflict, for the Simpson College quintet will be on hand to engage the Varsity in a game of ringball. This contest promises to be as snappy as one could desire, for the Duhawks are out to humiliate the team that beat them last month at Indianola, while Simpson, having enjoyed numerous victories this season, wishes a lot more before the curtain is drawn on basketball.

Since their 39 to 20 defeat at Indianola, the Varsity has improved greatly, and with the advantage of their home floor, they stand a good chance to take the bacon. Simpson has a strong team, and will also make a real bid for honors tomorrow night. Well, at any rate, it will be a genuine fight.

## *GUBS FACE BUSY WEEK*

### Seven Games Left on Schedule

With their ninth victory safely tucked away, the Gubs now face the almost impossible task of going through the season with a clean slate. This week will be a hard one, beginning with the St. Thomas game to-night at Rockford, Ill. The Rockfordites are out to even scores for their defeat here a few weeks ago, and will make a hard fight of it before the home folks.

Next Tuesday the Gubs tangle with St. Wenceslaus in Cedar Rapids, and with Immaculate Conception Academy the following evening.

Then it's off for Dubuque again, where a week from to-night they will meet the classy quintet from Stockton, Ill. It will be the first clash with the Illinois team during the present season.

The last three games on the schedule are also hard ones. Feb. 25 we play St. Ambrose at Davenport. Feb. 29 will see the boys at Campion for a return game with the Crimson and Black, which is expected to be plenty tough. The Gubs will be seen in action on the local floor, for the last time this season, on March 3, when they mix it with the Marquette Jnnior College basketeers.

Father George Stemm '18, a brother of Joe Stemm, and assistant at St. Wenceslaus, Cedar Rapids, visited Columbia recently when he brought his team to play the Academy.

Francis Dutcher, ex '27, a former editor of the Cee Ay, sends best wishes to the staff, from Cedar Falls, where he is attending Iowa State Teachers College.

# THE CEE-AY

Published biweekly by the Students of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Ia.

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# EDITORIAL

## A WORD TO OUR FELLOW STUDENTS

Once again has come the time for the inauguration of a new staff to the duties of serving the Academy and the students. That duty remains, and will remain as it has since the first Cee-Ay was published.

We shall be guided to a great extent by the examples of past editors. The retiring editors were so guided, and this, with their own ingenuity, made them eminently successful. We, too, hope to use originality to advantage, but we depend also upon the students.

The Cee-Ay is by and for the students. Everyone ought to avail himself of the opportunity to improve the school paper, the school, and, ultimately, himself. We ask you to help us. Will you?

## A WEEKLY LORIAN

We read with a growing sense of the futility of argument the editorial in last week's Lorian concerning a weekly paper. We cannot but admire their tenacity of purpose, but at the same time we must, in justice, present the Academy viewpoint.

As some of the Academy graduates now in Loras Hall may recall, when the Cee-Ay came into being, in 1923, it appeared as a weekly, taking in the news of both the Academy and College departments. Then came the Spokesmanette, the College paper which was to become the Lorian. Realizing the uselessness of publishing two papers containing the same news each week, the two departments agreed to publish in alternate weeks. This has proven a happy arrangement—until lately.

The news, says the editorial, has become stale by the time two weeks have passed. No doubt it would, but it must be remembered that the Cee-Ay also publishes all the important news of Columbia, whether College or Academy. Rival papers would tend to create hard feeling and break the bonds of interest between College and Academy, for the Lorian and Cee-Ay would no longer publish the news of the other department.

Yes, we regret it deeply, but once more we step gracefully aside. It is not our affair.

## COLUMBIA'S STANDARDS

Much comment has been heard about the small Honor Rolls the Academy has had this last semester. Some are of the opinion that because her honor roll is not large, her students are, consequently, as a whole unintelligent.

But such reasoning is, to say the least, illogical. Columbia's standard is high; to get on the Honor Roll is not by any means an easy task. Ninety per cent is regarded as a very high mark, reserved for the best students; to get the 90% average required for the Honor Roll means that a boy must be doing "A" work, or very close to it, in all his subjects. So when a student does get on the Honor Roll, it actually IS an honor; to do so he must work faithfully and intelligently, and "stick to the job" every day.

The Academy sets this standard also for participation in sports and other competitions. It is an active rule that a boy cannot compete in athletics if conditioned in more than one subject, while failure to do passing work in Religion automatically renders him ineligible to represent the Academy. The same standards are set for participation in any of the elocutionary or literary contests.

Columbia sets her standards high; she feels that if a student wishes to make a name for himself, he must work accordingly; he will not be receiving a gift.

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Another romance is on foot. Ask Jake Eulberg why he was at a certain house on Booth street last Sunday night.

Clarence Crowley can not only ring belles, but he can also impersonate them.

Lost—a book of tea. Apply to George Schmitz or Professor Westerberg.

Emmie Schwartz would like to know why his picture isn't in the window at Mould's. He admits he's not good looking, but what's his opinion among fifty thousand?

Father Coyne was commenting on our specimens at the Latin exhibit. He said they were proof of the efficiency of the Latin teachers. We agree with you, Father, but do you want all the credit?

## NOMADS DEFEAT GUB RESERVES

As a curtain raiser to the Gubs-St. Wenceslaus match the Reserves met the Nomads, an aggregation of former High school stars, who defeated the Reserves, 19 to 11.

The Reserves had won all their previous games, and at the half there was a fair chance of winning this one, too, but the Nomads came back with a rush that carried them to a lead they never relinquished. Knox's promotion to the first string and the loss of V. Kelly at guard lessened the scoring punch of the Reserves.

For the Reserves, Tornai and Sheehan were the outstanding stars. The Nomads played a collegiate brand of basketball, with Capt. Schmidt and Unmacht as high point men.

Referee—Manuel.

| Nomads (19) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Schmidt, (C), lf. | 5 | 0 | 3 |
| Unmacht, rf. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mosle, c. | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Martin, rg. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Schwarzhoff, lg. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 9 | 1 | 9 |

| Gub Reserves (11) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Quinlan, rf. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Gerber, rf. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Harnois, lf. | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Konkaly, lf. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Finley, c. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Tornai, rg. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Sheehan, lg. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 5 | 1 | 3 |

## NEW LIGHTS ARE PLACED IN CHAPEL

It seems that a spirit of improvement, progress, and advancement has made itself present in our midst, and great things are happening. This was made evident about a week ago when, to the surprise of everyone, the lights in the chapel, which have been blinking out one by one for some time, were replaced by new ones. All the fixtures were given a thorough cleaning, even to the extent of removing the foolish little members of the bug family who had remained undisturbed in their tiny glass vaults ever since they unthinkingly entered them.

It's a great improvement.

## HISTORY CLUB

Last week "Secret Service" was presented "with great success." Next week there will be a Washington Day program. Rehearsals will be started soon for the two one-act plays to be staged at future meetings. Father Kessler also promises a debate on some good subject, in the near future. It is a wide-awake club. Let's keep up the spirit shown in the past.

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Joe Krocheski recommends that Sylvan Frommelt hang his new I. C. ring on a cord around his neck. His fingers are not as delicate as those of its original possessor.

Joe (Dinty) Stemm surprised the class the other day by connecting the thought between a certain poem and one read about three months ago. The "finals" are coming soon.

Harry Rosecrans of Dubuque, a newcomer at the semester, has been at home most of the time since entering, due to a troublesome eye. Hard luck, Harry. Hurry up and get well.

## C. A. BROADCASTS

### THANK YOU.

Personally and as a representa of the upper study hall I unfli ingly and wholeheartedly thank business office.

Last issue, with necessity prompter, I pleaded for hooks— the request was granted. For or three days a man placed hook the cloak room, near the lock and everywhere!

And again, I say THANK YO GRUMBLE!

### WHY NOT START?
### Something Ought To Be Done Ab This.

This title is proving itself m and more every day, and it po definitely to the constant prac of students borrowing from one other. According to Webster, word borrow means: "to rec from another as a loan," but to majority it seems to mean the ceiving from another (and not a loan).

Books, papers, ink and person are among the many things borro ed by considerate friends. They lent with the highest expectancy having them returned to their rig ful owners, and are received w the solemn promise of returni them.

Unlike the staunch advocate w walked seven miles to return book, these students soon for the owner, and assume the arti to be theirs. It may not be co sidered a valuable asset to you, to the owner it may mean eve thing. There is a saying: "Ea come, easy go," which seems to the true principle by which consistent and habitual borrow guides himself. There may be in every office, but there are enti ly too many in this institution to maintained. Surely something and ought to be done to prevent su a practice.

E. M. S. '29

### A SUGGESTION.

Why can't we have a verse co test in the Academy? Is it becau there is not sufficient talent to ma such a contest worth while? Sur it would be reasonable to oppose on this ground, if such were tr Several of the present Fourth Class wrote verse worthy of pub cation in their second year. Not few of our graduates have disti guished themselves by their exc lent verse in the College Spoke man. For the sake of example, might mention James Donahue. wrote a poem in his Academic da which later took second place in College Contest.

Why couldn't the Cee Ay a nounce a contest for a suita prize? There is nothing like a co test to stir up the best in the st dents. I am sure that if a ver contest were announced so worthy verses would be entered.

F. C.

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Gilbert Hansberry, another n boarder, has enrolled at the Aca my. He is a third ac and com from Richland Center, Wisconsin

# UBS WALLOP CAMPION FOR NINTH VICTORY

to 10 Victory Keeps Slate Clean.

Movieland was represented in the rson of Jackie "Hoo" Ray at Loras ll gym last Wednesday evening, e American Legionaires, as spon- rs of the evening's entertainment, re out in full force, Private Kel- won out in the manual-of-arms elldown staged between halves, d the band was in fine fettle; but e attraction of the evening for the cord-breaking crowd was the Co- mbia-Campion basketball game.

And it was a game—fast, hard, atured by brilliant play and close arding on the part of both quints. ut functioning in the same smooth anner that had brought them eight revious victories, the Gubs annexed eir ninth consecutive win by down- g the Campionites 19 to 10. Trail- g 3 to 2 at the quarter, the locals arted a brilliant offensive early in e second period that put them well the lead, where they stayed till e fracas ended.

Flashy Work.

Team work seemed to be the se- et of the Gubs' success; and roughout the game they displayed time and again working a player to the open for a shot at the hoop. he entire quint played such excel- nt ball that none could be classed s more brilliant than the others.

Kenline's showing at center was ne of the features of the evening; onforti played a magnificent game t guard; Barkley showed his usual tellar brand of ball; Schwartz was here with his eagle eye and steady and, while Eddie Kolfenbach gave n admirable exhibition of floor ork and precision at the basket.

Individually the Campion boys ooked good, especially Foster and antillon. It was simply a case of he Gubs being better.

| Columbia (19) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| olfenbach, f. | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| chwartz, f. | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| inn, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| enline, c. | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| nox, c. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| arkley, g. | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| onforti, g. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 8 | 3 | 9 |
| Campion (10) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
| oster, f. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| alsh, f. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| anning, f. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| onnors, c. | 0 | 0 | 4 |
| ach, c. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| ipple, (C), g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| antillon, g. | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| yrne, g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| etravecz, g. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 4 | 2 | 9 |

Referee: Petersen (U. of Dubuque).

Joe Holbach claims he can make Earl Sande look like a plow jockey. That, however, is all horseplay.

What with all these Academy lads playing on outside basketball and hockey teams, everybody's getting the unrest. Alvin Jaeger has a yearning to be a professional wrestler, and Ulbrich a chess player.

Bill Lange is pleased to announce that smoking in any form is now prohibited in Fitzgerald's.

Flash! Yankees land Newhouse! Star pitcher obtained in trade for Pennock, Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri and Combs.

## GUBS WIN OVER ST. WENCESLAUS

Varied Attack Looks Good

On last Friday the Gubs, whose main hobby seems to be collecting records, hung up another win for their not so small collection by smothering St. Wenceslaus of Cedar Rapids under the heavy burden of a 35 to 14 score.

The first half ended before the down-staters had time to collect more than 5 points while the Gubs ran up 18. The third quarter ushered in a spurt on the part of St. Wenceslaus, which was quickly squelched by the redoutable "Emmy" Schwartz and Tom Knox. From there on the game proceeded trippingly, with the Cedar Rapids coach sending in everyone but the scorekeeper and "Scoop" Wilhelm, while Sheehan and Oeth went in for Columbia, to relieve Conforti and Schwartz.

Tom Knox, playing his first game at center was exceptionally good, and gives promise of better things to come. Kolfenbach and Schwartz were as busy as a one armed man with the seven year itch, and showed 'em how by sinking baskets at will. Conforti and Barkley were their usual selves, which means they were right there with the stuff that wins. Captain Salat and Balik starred on the opposition.

| St. Wenceslaus (14) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Matisa, f. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Huber, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Zak, f. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Balik, f. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Salat, (C), c. | 2 | 3 | 1 |
| Kazimour, c. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Zacher, g. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Dunek, g. | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Stewart, g. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Sasek, g. | 0 | 0 | 3 |
| Totals | 4 | 6 | 8 |
| Columbia Acaemy (35) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
| Kolfenbach, f-g. | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Oeth, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Schwartz, f. | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| Sheehan, f. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Knox, c. | 4 | 0 | 2 |
| Conforti, g. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Barkley, g. | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Totals | 15 | 5 | 7 |

## LITTLE GIANTS WIN OVER BERCHMAN'S

In a preliminary to the Columbia-Campion game, some of the Academy midgets encountered the classy team of youngsters from St. Berchman's Seminary at Marion, and managed to eke out a 12 to 9 win, the deciding basket dropping through in the last thirty seconds of play.

Garvey and O'Brien looked especially good for St. Berchman's, with Barkley, Birkett and Nash doing the best work for the Giants.

| C.A. Little Giants (12) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Birkett, f. | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Lawson, f. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Nash, c. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Barkley, rg. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kies,, g-c. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Farrell, g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 6 | 0 | 3 |
| St. Berchman's (9) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
| Howar, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Gadd, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Brien, f. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Jamieson, c. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Garvey, (C) | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Cesari | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 1 | 1 | 2 |

Referee: Doll of Columbia.

## INTRAMURAL

### 2 A WINS ANOTHER

On Thursday the second, 2 A met and defeated 1 A in a championship game by the "completing" score of 21 to 1. 2 A had many stars, but Johnny Leo, Harry Kies and Duke McDermott were the outstanding ones. 1 A had E. Beckius and Fairfield as their main supports.

### FORFEIT

On Friday the third 4 B was supposed to play 3 C but the sophisticated fourth year men blasely forfeited the match—write your own score.

### REVERSE SCORE

Monday the sixth saw a game between 2 B and 1 B which was won by 1 B, 21 to 12. The game, despite the score, was a tight affair that kept both teams at full speed at all times. On 1 B the playing of Dick Barkley, Spencer and Gonner was very good, and on 2 B Pitzen and Trow were of like quality.

### 3 B WINS

On Tuesday, Feb. 7, 4 A had a hacking match with 3 B, in a championship game which was won by 3 B, who, however, had a hard time doing it, as each player on 4 A thought himself a combination of Red Grange and Strangler Lewis and acted accordingly. On 3 B "Buck" Sullivan and Turnis get the palm: Ike Boyd, who doubles in brass by playing on the Robins, and McCarville were outstanding on 4 A. 3 B collected 5 fouls while 4 A pulled a Rockefeller and amassed 13.

### 2 B WINS A GAME

On Wednesday, Feb. 8, 2 B met and defeated 2 D by the razor-like score of 13 to 11. The game was well played, with Trow and Oeth starring for 2 B and Birkett and Hansen for 2 D.

### 2 C SEES

On Thursday, Feb. 9, 2 C played 1 C in a championship game that looked like 1 C's till about a minute before the whistle, when 2 C forged ahead and won, 16 to 13. For 2 C Dick Nash and McMahon performed well, and for 1 C Ziepprecht and Wernimont were the boys from home.

### LATIN WINS

Last Friday 3 C was defeated by 4 L in a championship game by the good and sufficient score of 21 to 6. Gerber and Kelly were "IT" for 4 L while George Martin and Buechele sank them for 3 C. Fouls were few, 3 being called on 4 L and 2 on 3 C.

RISING PURGOLD

Price $3.50 After March 1

## *VARSITY CAGERS SHAKE JINX*

### BEAT WESLEYAN, 26-24; ENTIRE TEAM PLAYS GREAT GAME.

In a thrilling fourth quarter spurt that could not be stopped, the Varsity basketball team dumped Iowa Wesleyan, of Mount Pleasant, by a 26 to 24 count in Loras gym last Saturday night.

The victory was of special importance for Columbia, for it marked the close of the long slump which had brought four straight conference defeats. It was a remarkably clean game, Columbia committing two fouls, and Wesleyan six.

The contest was one of the kind you read about in the Rover Boys, for it was an uphill battle that was pulled out of the fire only in the final minutes of play. Captain Larry Doll, as Dick Rover, and Haebig and Ferring, ae Tom and Sam, respectively, were the chaps chiefly to blame for Wesleyan's downfall.

Early in the game the Duhawks took a 4-0 lead by dint of two-pointer by Doll and Ferring. Then the representatives of Mount Pleasant got busy to an alarming extent, and before one could say Jack Robinson (which would be silly) they had run up nine points. It looked like another blow-up for our boys, but they gratified the customers by coming right back to tie the score at half time.

The third quarter was the signal for a scoring orgy, and the long, fortunate shots of the visitors brought their score steadily up, in spite of the desperate battling of the Duhawks. Before the fourth quarter was well under way, the Varsity was holding the lean end of a 22 to 16 score. They took a short respite to get acquainted again, and then proceeded to break up the festivities. They dribbled, passed, shot—four times they propelled the sphere through the meshing, and the visitors were two down. At this juncture, young Mr. Parks, the Dan Baxter of the Mount Pleasant aggregation, looped a bucket to square things once more. Then Haebig galloped down the hardwood, dumped a goal, and the scoring part of the game was over.

Doll, Haebig and Ferring, as mentioned before, were the big guns of the Duhawks' offense, while Parks, Caris and Captain Bruhn were Wesleyan's heroes for the evening. The visitors possibly were handicapped by the weariness occasioned by chasing St. Ambrose the night before.

Line-up:

| Columbia (26) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Haebig, f. | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| White, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ennis, f. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Doll, c. (C) | 5 | 0 | 2 |
| Coan, g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Ferring, g. | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Totals | 12 | 2 | 2 |
| Wesleyan (24) | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. |
| Parks, f. | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Bruhn, f. (C) | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Scarff, c. | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Caris, g. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Zillman, g. | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Totals | 11 | 2 | 6 |

## THIRD PRIZE STORY

(Continued from page 1)

liantly varied, flashing row of electric signs that lined the street below him, when his father knocked.

"Terry" silently traversed the entire length of the deep rug, and opened the door. His father smiled and walked briskly into the room.

They stood looking at one another. Almost duplicates, they were: grey eyes, sharp chin, and greyhound bodies, except that the father was nearly a foot taller than Val.

As the father threw his raccoon coat over the davenport, and neatly tossed his derby on the table, he spoke, "Well, Val, tonight I am making my final appeal." His statement was spoken in an almost humorous tone.

Val asked his parent to be seated and watched his father carefully bite the end from a fragrant cigar.

"Val," began the elder James, and 'Terry" looked up, "Val, you never would have known what I had hoped for you, if I hadn't allowed you to do always the things you wished. Perhaps if I had been more strict, you would not mind doing what I ask now. I always wanted you to go to my college, to go thru the same things I did and meet fellows in whom you would find real character, fellows of your own level, instead of the bruising chaps you battle with. Understand, I'm not getting sentimental; I'll provide for you if you do as I wish or not, but, Val, I've never ask anything of you except this." He drew and puffed great clouds of bluish smoke. Serene, aloof, unsentimental, and yet Val thought he saw a little wistful gleam in his pater's eye. He liked his dad.

"Perhaps this fight game wasn't so much. Oh, well, he could always quit the school." So he was thinking. "Then again if he went to college, his best pal would remain a pal, while if he didn't he would have his best fighting years in which to develop."

Val merely murmured, "You win."

His father rose, and placing his coat over his arm and the derby on his head, walked out. With his somewhat hasty decision off his mind, Val retired.

Several days later, with the snow of early fall upon his green cap, "Terry" was strolling along the paths of the campus, unknown to the mighty seniors as 'Terry McCoy." His slight build and cocky air made him a mark for a senior whose car had just passed beside him. A "wise-cracker," thought Terry.

He didn't even turn to acknowledge the insult, but knew he would remember that redhead. He smiled grimly.

An inquiry about some class work brought him into the administration building, and it was there that he saw the sign which instantly attracted his attention. "Boxing Show. Freshmen requested to enter. Report at Gymnasium tonight."

So Terry entered, hoping that that senior was in his weight. He asked about the fellow and received the scornful, laughing reply that the senior was the school lightweight champ. Terry asked if he could fight him, even though he himself was only a "fly."

The laughing official, a youngish senior, not wishing to take too much responsibility upon himself, said, "I'm not sure, because the champ isn't in such good condition and didn't expect he'd be forced to meet such a good man." Terry told him to lay off the "bull" and make his request known.

Several days later a note was brought by a greener freshman to Terry's rooms, and upon opening it he found the program to follow for the match.

He had been admitted to enter and had been placed in the final bout with the lightweight champ.

Terry, faithfully as usual, trained with the bag, punched the dummy, skipped rope and sparred very lightly with a welterweight sophomore. He didn't show any of his speed, but found the welter's size an easy target for his own spitfire left jabs and hooking right. And he managed to be around when the champion laughingly smashed the noses of unwary new men who thought of the champ just what Terry did, but who went at their revenge in a different and unsuccessful way.

Days passed, and Terry was surprised at the tenseness the announced fights had aroused over the campus.

All the conversation started and ended with the fight. Of course, no one knew Terry, but a few smart fellows who had seen him in action craftily were taking up bets on him. They were given such tremendous odds that the betting brought no suspicion of their intent.

Terry had made but one real friend, contrary to what his father had said about college comrades, and this fellow was Jack Murphy, his room-mate. Jack and Terry were resting quietly before the fight in their rooms. Jack was resting because he was going to be Terry's second, though he admitted he hadn't had any experience.

Their alarm rang at six, quite unnecessarily, for they were both nervously awake.

Terry jumped up, slipped into his shoes and a sweater, and Jack followed with the fighter's bag. They walked the distance to the gymnasium.

A suppressed roar from the interior greeted their ears just as they were closing the dressing-room door. "Some prelim boy must have been bowled over," Terry laughed to Jack.

Val slipped into his togs and then rolled out upon the training table for a final meditation. He sighed. A knock upon the door, and a voice warned, "Three minutes."

Jack, the first to the door, said, "Gee, I'm scared stiff to go out there."

Terry laughed, and handing him the bucket, answered, "It is your duty, my good man, your duty."

As the pair marched down the aisle through the canopy of smoke, to the blazing square of white, a mild, courteous splash of applause issued from all parts of the audience. Freshmen, for the most part, who knew him as a classmate, yelled for him.

Val hopped through the ropes, smiled to the ringside bunch and immediately sat down.

He called Jack over to speak to him. They were animatedly conversing when the roar of the spectators heralded the champ's approach.

He confidently and cockily strode down the field. The seniors went wild. Hats went up, came down, went up again.

He bowed right and left, and even the swarm of attendants behind him came in for their share of the ovation.

The champ sneered at Val, who looked slight, but not slighted, for he sneered back.

"Introducing," the announcer's sonorous voice filled the gym, "'Red' Noland, Lightweight Champion of thees University." The voice echoed and was caught in the roar that greeted the grinning 'Red' Nolan.

"And in thees corner, we have Valentine James, challengeh." A few generously applauded.

Some shouted, "Oh, Red, send me a valentine." Several laughed.

Val stood up, bowed, and sat down.

The referee entered and called the men together for the final instructions.

Red and Val shook hands and parted. Val threw off his robe and turned his soles in the resin.

The bell!

Val turned and darted out, faded to the left and hooked Red's head up sharply with his right. He glided around, peppered Red with three stinging lefts, while the crowd, already for him, yelled for Red's murder. Val, however, was taking it easy, playing with him, warming himself up and saving his wind.

Just before the bell rang he onetwoed Red and was putting an artistic touch to Red's eye when the bell sounded. Val's round.

He stepped to his corner and sat down. Jack was there to rub his legs and tell him Red was looking like a monkey.

An official called time, and just as Jack dragged out the bucket and stool, the bell rang.

Red had jumped almost across the ring to catch Val in a corner and use his weight to an advantage, but Val sidled out, leaving a sharp, red cut over his opponent's eye.

Red turned and caught Val with a right chop to his head, but Val put two fast ones into Red's mid-section. Red bent over. Up came the fastest-moving object in fisticdom. A right hand upper cross to Red's button tipped him along the ropes. Red wabbled. Terry, the old Terry, sliced one to Red's ear.

Red was counted out. The crowd acclaimed the new champ. The freshmen swarmed up and claimed him.

Late that night Terry sat in his room alone. He wanted to be alone, and Jack had conveniently provided himself with a date.

A knock came upon the door, which then swung back. The light of the room shone upon the gleaming teeth and beaming eyes of a smiling James.

"Dad," cried Val.

'Boy, that was some fight. I got here just as the second round started," shouted the happy par
'And," he spoke more quietly, brought something from the libra I cut it from an old paper we here at school." He handed Val torn, yellowed slip of newspape

Val read it softly.

"Last night, Henry 'Red' N '02, defeated Wilbur James '05, fast and snappy three rounds the championship."

"I didn't know you fought, If you had only told me this fore, I'd have knocked him cold first round."

"I was afraid of the psychology it, my boy." He spoke wistfu apologetically.

Val threw his arm around father and they shook hands.

## TOUGH GAMES FOR VARSITY NEXT WE

### PARSONS, LUTHER TO PL HERE.

Next week the Varsity will p the two final home games on basketball schedule, when they tertain the basketeers of Pars and Luther Colleges. These qui tets are undoubtedly the cream the Iowa loop, and if Columbia take them into camp, the home s son will have closed in a blaze glory.

The Parsons five will be here Monday evening for their little te a-tete. They have been winni games almost monotonously sin the season opened, and, when on under way, they are difficult to st Earlier in the season they nos out the Varsity, 29 to 27, but, s the Duhawks, let 'em try it agai The visitors have been weaken considerably by the ineligibility Jim Shea, their flashy guard, a guards are mighty important wi the Varsity is rampant.

Luther, the conference dark hors will grace the floor on Friday eve ing. At present they are in fi place in the loop, and have suffer only one defeat, a 29 to 17 spanki from Upper Iowa. Such chappi as Shafland and M. Olson are t reasons for Luther's success, a they'll be after Columbia's sca with a vengeance. We look for fight to a finish.

### CHOIR NOTES.

The Academy day student choir again singing at the weekly dev tions. After a few weeks' vacati due to the holidays and examin tions, the songsters have returned their duties.

Due probably to necessity, a somewhat to complaints, the ch now confines itself in the isola room "242" during practice session Practice is held three times a wee For the experience as well as va iation, some popular songs are be sung by the choir members, c lectively and individaully.

Since the piano resides in t detention room, Father Loosbro speaks of the diatonic, and e tempered scales with more c tainty.

"Watch for the over tones."